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AND
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Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

FLORIO AND LUCILLA.

A MORAL TALE.

THE farther we remove from great cities, the nearer, generally ſpeaking, do we approach to thoſe ſcenes of guiltleſs happineſs which are at once the fruit and the reward of genuine love—that love which, implanted by Heaven, and cheriſhed by virtue, forms to ſuſceptible minds a paradiſe, if a paradiſe there be on earth. In ſach peaceful retreats—to the eternal diſgrace of diſſipated grandeur—the heroic principles of honor are alone conſidered as the glory of man, while the ingenuous ones of virtuous ſenſibility form the baſis of every thing that is held amiable in woman.

Hapleſs Florio! hapleſs Lucilla! why, born and educated as ye both were in the boſom of Truth and Innocence—why, alas! were ye deſtined to prove to an abandoned world, that it is not HERE but HEREAFTER that Truth and Innocence are to look for either favor or protection!

In the ſtory of this ill-fated pair—a ſtory which is already too well known to many families—there are few incidents; but every incident ſeems in ſome ſenſe to convey with it a moral; and few as they are, they ſhall be related with fidelity.

FLORIO was a young, and moſt accompliſhed officer, in a marching regiment. Soon after the commencement of the American war, it was his lot to be ordered into Wales, as the commander of a little recruiting party; and it was his lot alſo to be ſtationed in a town little diſtant from the abode of the fair LUCILLA, the only daughter of a gentleman of the firſt conſequence in the county of ——.

It was at a private ball that they firſt met; and if ever a *love at firſt ſight* could be juſtified by the laws of either *prudery* or *prudence*, it ſeems to be in the caſe of Florio and Lucilla. Formed as it were by Nature for each other, their eyes no ſooner met than whole volumes of love were mutually, but inſenſibly, expreſſed by them.—The little God had inſtantaneouſly tranſfixed both of their boſoms with one of his moſt reſiſtleſs arrows; and well might they each have ſaid, as Romeo did in a ſimilar ſituation,

"I look'd, and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my heart,
"It fled ſo pleaſingly away."——

Like Romeo, alas! they were alſo doomed to experience that

"Fathers have flinty hearts."

Lucilla, who had long been denied the ſweets of maternal tenderneſs and indulgence, lived under the roof of a father who loved her dearly. Frequently in his hours of good humoured fondneſs would he call her his angel—his goddeſs; but in fact the only idols he cordially worſhipped were his guineas, his acres, and the genealogical table of a family as old as that of the famed Cadwallader.

They were indeed an inſuperable bar to the hopes of our lovers; for Florio had little to boaſt on the ſcore of pedigree, and ſtill leſs on that of fortune. Lucilla was no ſtranger to theſe circumſtances, and they ſerved only to increaſe her tenderneſs for Florio; though at the ſame time, ſhe was aware, that, with her father's conſent, ſhe ſhould never have the happineſs to call him huſband.

In the mean while, Florio was a daily viſitor of the old gentleman, with whom he ſo highly ingratiated himſelf, that he could have obtained from him almoſt any gift, but the only one for which his ſoul panted—the gift of his daughter. In this gift, a ſuppoſed contamination of the blood of an ancient Briton would have been included; and too well did our lover know, that ſhould he dare to utter to him a ſingle ſyllable on the ſubject of a matrimonial connection, he would never more be permitted to enjoy even a ſight of his adored Lucilla.

Many weeks however were not ſuffered to elapſe, before the feelings of both Florio and Lucilla were put to a cruel teſt, in conſequence of the arrival of an expreſs, commanding the young officer immediately to join his regiment, in order to embark for America.—

America! fatal was the ſound, when it reached the ears of Lucilla, and awfully ominous was it to the fond, the darling youth of her innocent affections.

What was to be done?—Lucilla could not live but in the preſence of her Florio; and the idea of leaving behind him his Lucilla was worſe than ten thouſand deaths to our enamoured hero.—Circumſtanced as they were, from the baſe, or, at beſt, the abſurd and worldly prejudices of a parent, whoſe breaſt had long been inſenſible to all the ſoft emotions that flow from love, they conſulted their hearts, and determined to follow love's dictates; that is, plainly to expreſs it, to elope, and ſeek for happineſs in each other, even at earth's utmoſt verge, ſhould fate conduct them thither.

On the eve of her departure, Lucilla wrote a letter to her father, conjuring him in the moſt endearing terms of filial duty and tenderneſs, not to reproach her for an action, which, as being unavoidable, ſhe truſted was in itſelf blameleſs; an action, which would be nowiſe painful to herſelf, farther than as it might alarm a rigid but an affectionate parent for the ſafety of a beloved child; on which head, however, he might reſt perfectly eaſy, ſince, having committed herſelf to the protection of a man of virtue, her own virtue, as hitherto, would and ſhould remain inviolate.

By ſome means, an anonymous copy of this leter found its way into the London papers; and ſo elegantly, yet myſteriouſly, was it worded, that in every polite circle it became the topic of admiration, conjecture, and enquiry.

The event to which it alluded, happened near the cloſe of the year 1776; and by ſome readers it may be recollected, that about this period a number of advertiſements appeared in the daily prints, ſoliciting, under the initials of D. W. the return of a certain *fair fugitive*, and urging her again to take ſhelter under the wings of a father, who was diſtracted from the loſs of her, and who could not deſcend to the grave in peace, till, beholding once more his child, he might have it in his power to gratify her utmoſt wiſh by uniting her with a parental benediction to the man of her heart.

Would to heaven he had thus expreſſed himſelf ſooner!—Long had he known, or, at leaſt, blind muſt he have been, had he not perceived, that the mutual paſſion of Florio and Lucilla was uncontrolable as it was unbounded; and now was it reſerved for him to feel—bitterly to feel—that in obſtructing their happineſs, he had literally undermined his own.

His advertiſements, like many other notices of the kind, appeared too late; and already were our lovers ſafely landed at New-York (where Hymen finally ſealed their vows) before the wretched father, ſenſible of his folly, endeavoured to terminate the memory of an irreparable misfortune, by terminating the daily repetition of it.

"Wretched father," has it been ſaid! Alas! amiable Lucilla, ere long ſhall we find, that even thou, ſpotleſs as was thy ſoul, ſpotleſs as was the ſoul of thy huſband, that even thou wert born alſo to be wretched; and that, barely capable of evading the wiles of guilt, but for thy own native virtues thou couldſt hardly, even in thy own perſon, obtain an aſylum on earth for innocence.

In all countries, honor is conſidered as the peculiar characteriſtic of a ſoldier; but when ſhall we have ſuch a definition of the word, as to be able to aſcertain, with any kind of preciſion, in what honor, (military honor, however) conſiſts? The Colonel under whom Florio ſerved, was univerſally pronounced a man of the ſtricteſt honor; and yet it was univerſally acknowledged alſo, that in his tranſactions with the ladies, there could not exiſt a man more unprincipled. Not for the world would he injure one of his own ſex,—provided he interfered not with his pleaſures; but a woman—a helpleſs beautiful woman—he ſcrupled not uniformly to conſider as his lawful prey.

Hardly had the artleſs Lucilla arrived, when the demon of miſchief pointed her out to him as a precious object of deſtruction.—Who ſo polite to her, ſo attentive to her huſband, as the gallant Colonel!—Lucilla thought him a jewel of a man; and Florio, unſuſpicious as herſelf, actually conſidered him as a father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAXIM.—To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate thoſe with which we are entruſted, is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

From the Literary Tablet.

ON CREDULITY.

CREDULITY is a weakneſs, which every one can diſcover in his neighbour, but which none think of finding in themſelves.

A philoſophical inveſtigation of the cauſes from which it originates will lead us to conclude, that however variouſly modified, however different the objects to which it is directed, and in whatever different degrees it prevails in different minds, it is a propenſity interwoven with our conſtitution, and neceſſarily reſults from that imperfection to which the whole race of man is ſubjected. It may properly be defined *a diſpoſition to believe without ſufficient evidence*. It originates in the following cauſes.

1. Ignorance. Were mankind poſſeſſed of perfect knowledge there could be no place for credulity. But ſuch is the condition of human nature, that information on many intereſting ſubjects, can be but imperfectly obtained. This lays the corner ſtone of credulity. Another cauſe is the uneaſineſs we feel in a ſtate of doubtful ſuſpenſe. This uneaſineſs often prompts us to a haſty deciſion, when a careful examination would lead to the truth.

A third ſource of credulity is the love of novelty; a paſſion inſeparable from our nature, and often prompting to the moſt uſeful exertions. This paſſion influences the mind to catch at the new, or the marvellous, and directs its attention to every circumſtance which leads to a confirmation of its reality.

A fourth cauſe is indolence. The evidence of many truths lies too deep to be diſcovered by the tranſient obſerver.

Another, and a ſtill more fruitful, ſource of credulity is the aſſociation of ideas. In early life we become acquainted with many important truths, which are ſelf-evident, or the proof of which we fully comprehend. With theſe truths many adventitious circumſtances are often connected, which, for want of due diſcrimination, we become accuſtomed to conſider eſſential to the truths themſelves. Hence it happens that when any propoſition is ſtated, which is found to agree to thoſe adventitious circumſtances, we immediately adopt it as ſufficiently evident from its agreement with what we have been accuſtomed to conſider connected with the moſt fundamental and important truths.

But the greateſt cauſe of credulity exiſts in our deſires and averſions with reſpect to the objects of belief. This has probably more influence than all others united.

"What ardently we wiſh we ſoon believe."

Perhaps at firſt view the reaſon of this does not eaſily appear. All will however ackowledge the fact, and by a careful attention to what paſſes in our minds, it is preſumed a philoſophical reaſon for it may be aſſigned.

Whatever object we wiſh to obtain it is natural to ſeek the means of obtaining. This is a law of our nature. A perſon wiſhes to gain the belief of a propoſition. He will then ſeek the means of obtaining that belief. Theſe means are the evidences in favor of the propoſition. It follows therefore that the mind of this perſon will be wholly engaged in attending to thoſe arguments, which favor what he wiſhes to believe, and hence it is eaſy to ſee how mankind are induced to believe whatever is agreeable to their wiſhes, even on the ſlighteſt evidence, and where the belief, if unfounded, is confeſſedly attended with the moſt dangerous conſequences.

From the preceding account of credulily, I think it muſt appear, that *ſuperſtition* and *ſcepticiſm* are more nearly related than is generally ſuppoſed. Both are the effects of credulity, exerciſed in different ways according to the inclination of the mind. The fanatic, from a love of the marvellous, is led to believe every effuſion of a heated imagination an immediate revelation from Heaven, while the dread of futurity, and an averſion to that ſpirituality of mind, which religion requires render it highly deſirable, that the obſervance of external ceremonies ſhould avail to ſecure his ſalvation. He is thus prepared to believe in the efficacy of popiſh abſolutions, monkiſh auſterities, rigorous faſting, and lacerations of the body, to procure a ſeat in the celeſtial paradiſe. The ſame averſion to the truths of religion, the ſame deſire to indulge in ſenſuality induces the *ſceptic* to conclude that *moral obligation* is a bugbear, conjured up by prieſts and politicians, for the ſame purpoſe that *raw head and bloody bones* are called by the nurſe to aſſiſt in governing the children; that the exiſtence of a Supreme Being is only an ideal exiſtence, depending on the weakneſs of ſlaviſh and timid minds, and that death is an introduction to the eternal repoſe of annihilation.

We may further infer, from what has been ſaid on the ſubject of credulity, that ſceptics are the moſt credulous people in the world. To ſet the proof of this in full view let ſome of the preceding propoſitions be repeated.

Whatever we wiſh to obtain we immediately ſeek ſome means of obtaining. The ſceptic wiſhes to indulge in pleaſures inconſiſtent with religion. The dread of futurity is an obſtruction to the tranquil indulgence of theſe pleaſures. He therefore wiſhes to remove that obſtruction. The means of removing it are the evidence, or appearances of evidence, that he is not accountable for his conduct. To theſe appearances therefore his whole attention is directed, and as much more ſtrongly as preſent good engages the mind, than that which is future and unſeen, ſo much more credulous is the ſceptic in his belief than the greateſt bigot, or the moſt alarmed fanatic in all the regions of Chriſtendom.

CONCEIT CAN KILL, CONCEIT CAN CURE.

AN honeſt country baker, having by anxious application to his buſineſs in the day time, and a conſtant attendance at the tippling-houſes at night, contracted a diſtemper beſt known by the name of the HYP or the HORRORS, and became ſo very miſerable, that he made two attempts on his own life; his friends at length applied to a phyſician, a quack probably, by the low fee he demanded, which was neither more nor leſs, than a new quartern loaf whenever he ſhould ſend for it. In return for the firſt quartern, he ſent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at ſix o'clock in the morning faſting, after which to walk four miles; and to take the ſame number at ſix in the evening, and walk the like number of miles; to repeat the ſame number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the uſe of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor fulfilled his engagement with his patient; for at the end of the month, the honeſt fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high ſpirits as when he was a boy. The cheapneſs of the cure induced our baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine ſo ſpeedy and perfect a cure had been affected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him that the PILLS were made of his OWN LOAF covered with gold leaf; and added that if he would take the ſame medicine, and follow the ſame directions, whenever his relapſing into his former courſe of life ſhould bring on the like diſorder, he might be ſure of as ſpeedy and effectual a cure.

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

THE year commences, in China, with the new moon, which happens nearеſt to the time, when the ſun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is an important period; not only on account of a univerſal feſtivity, during which no buſineſs is tranſacted; but it is the day previous to which all PAYMENTS muſt be completed. In the interval between the ſolſtice and the new year, the creditor is very importunate, and if not ſatisfied on the laſt night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's houſe, takes his ſeat and obſerves the moſt profound ſilence. As ſoon as midnight is paſſed, he riſes, congratulates the debtor on the new year, and retires. The debtor has then LOST HIS FACE, and no perſon will ever truſt him afterward.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

Sentimental Gleaner...No. 1.

INDIFFERENCE is the lethargy of the ſoul; it is the grave of virtue and excellence. Indifference acts upon the mental faculties, as indolence does on the body; for as the man who indulges in inactivity can never expect to riſe into notice, ſecure or amend his fortune, ſo the ſoul incruſted in indifference is incapable of inciting one great or glorious action. It conceives not the beauty of virtue, nor the real deformity of vice. Its affections are cold; its pleaſures ſo languid, they ſcarce deſerve the name. Its pains are few indeed. But then what ſatisfaction does the poſſeſſor loſe! The beauties of creation are unfolded to him in vain; in vain the gorgeous canopy of heaven diſplays ten thouſand thouſand moving worlds, that as they roll in the expanſe of ether, contribute to embelliſh, cheer and warm the globe which we inhabit; in vain the teeming earth brings forth her fruit; nor field of ripened grain, nor opening flower, nor flock, nor herd, afford one joy for him. He gazes at them all with ſtupid vacuity of thought, and wonders at the grateful tear that ſprings to the eye from the heart of ſenſibility.

—oo—

NATURE! dear goddeſs! how beautiful thou art, when, chaſte and unadorned, thou appeareſt in the veſtments of ſimplicity; when the undeviating features pourtray but the feelings of the heart; when the tongue, uncontaminated by vice, unverſed in the practice of deception, gives utterance only to what thoſe feelings dictate; then, who can reſiſt thy eloquence? then, who can liſten to thy voice, or behold thy beauties unmoved? The philoſopher gazes at thee with rapture; the ſtoic cannot inveſtigate thy charms and retain his apathy; forgetting his affected inſenſibility, he beholds with wonder, admiration, and love, thy inobtruſive excellence, and joins involuntarily in the exclamation of the enthuſiaſt, Oh Nature! dear goddeſs! how beautiful thou art!

—oo—

How naturally do we expect thoſe in whoſe welfare we are intereſted, to adopt the ſentiments moſt congenial to our own feelings, without conſidering that nature is as various in the formation of the minds of men, as of their faces; and thoſe purſuits and acquirements, which to one will give the moſt ſuperlative delight, to another would bring only miſery.

—oo—

IT is the particular bleſſing of youth to be enabled to enjoy the preſent moment, forgetful of the paſt, nor fearing the future. Then cenſure not thoſe who eagerly gather the roſes, unmindful of the briars that ſurround them, or who, delighted with their beauty and fragrance, forget, in the enjoyment of their ſweets, the pain they ſuffered in gathering them.

—oo—

EDUCATION, ſpirit of light, being of the firſt order, who in thy right hand doſt hold a magic mirror, diſplaying to the aſtoniſhed ſenſe of youth the wondrous, faſcinating charms of nature; who, ſtill receding as we purſue, yet ſtill diſplaying ſomething ſtrange and charming, inviteſt the admiring pupil ſtill to follow; whoſe left hand holds a tablet, on which is written all that was learnt from thy inſtructive mirror; who as thou paſſeſt, giving place to age, who hangs his head and droops that thou canſt charm no more, preſenteſt the tablets, whence fond memory gleans ſomething to cheer the laſt cold eve of life, and being tranſmitted to the riſing age, incite them to attend thy earlieſt call, follow thee through thy moſt intricate labyrinths, that, as thou doſt aſcend the hill of fame, holding before them ſtill the inſtructive glaſs, each riſing age may take a higher ſtep, till frail humanity ſtands on thy ſummit:—Education, thou firſt, beſt gift that mortals can receive; thoſe who know thee not, conceiving not thy intrinſic value, ſlight thee, condemn thee, treat thee with contempt; but they who feel thy influence, benignant power, will revere thee, worſhip thee and court thy ſmiles, humbly entreating that the riſing age may fully comprehend and taſte thy beauties.

—oo—

IF there is a moment in which the human mind is more inclined to unbend, and place an unlimited confidence in thoſe who profeſs a friendſhip, it is, when fully comprehending the charms of ſolitude, we find that ſolitude may be enlivened by being participated by one who enters into all our feelings, and ſmiles or weeps as the colour of our fate or expreſſion of our ſentiments excites the oppoſite emotions.

—oo—

ONE act of guilt leads but to the commiſſion of another; it is in vain the human heart may think only this one little deviation, and I will ſtop. As the ball precipitated from the ſummit of a hill pauſes not, but ruſhes with amazing velocity till it reaches the very loweſt part of the vale beneath, ſo the human ſoul, giving way to temptation, ſinks from error into guilt, nor pauſes till plunged in the loweſt abyſs of depravity.

—oo—

THAT the human heart is liable to error, and that on the eternal record our crimes and follies are enrolled, and will one day appear in dreadful judgment againſt us, is a ſolemn truth, which no perſon of common ſenſe will attempt to deny; yet we are led to hope, that the tear of unfeigned penitence will blot thoſe offences out. But the crime of ſlander is of ſo foul a die, its ſable hue ſtains the ſacred page, and only mercy infinite can purify it.

K. A.

SPECIMEN OF FINE WRITING.

[The following Letter was written by an Uſher of a ſchool, as a model for a young gentleman to inform his parents that he ſhould be at home at the Chriſtmas vacation.]

IT is impoſſible to verbally declare the ſublimity of ſatisfaction which I experience in the fond anticipation of paſſing that period of temporal abſtraction from ſcholaſtic attention, ordinarily cognomenated the vacation; or, as marking the diurnal ſanctimonious employment uſually directed, emphatically appellated holydays: therefore, in ſimple and humble dictates I inform you, that the receſs is fixed for the 23d of the preſent duodecimal diviſion of the annual ſolar revolution. Then ſhall I hope to experience all thoſe domiciliary delectations uſually attendant on that periodical feſtivity conjugated with the hilarities of thoſe with whom I am fraternally connected. Then thoſe viands vaporially affecting our olfactory organs with their ſalubrious effluvia, and our ſtomachs with their invigorating influence, will be abundantly devoured, whether conſiſting of torrefacted or bulliated quadrupedal carnous ſubſtances, the more delicate fibres of the volant ærial inhabitants, or the ſubmarine piſcatory reſidents—concluding with thoſe heterogeneous compoſitions called puddings, aided by the exhilirating effects of vinous libations.

THEATRICAL.

A NEW Pantomime, the ſubject and compoſition of which are both indigenous, has been brought out at Philadelphia. It is entitled "Captain Smith and the Princeſs Pocahantas" and the fable is founded on the mixed ſtory of the loves, perils, and marriage of the diſtinguiſhed perſonages, ſo celebrated in the MOTLEY hiſtory of the ancient dominion.—It may be queſtioned by ſtern philologiſts, whether the authorſhip of this DUMB SHOW may be pronounced ORIGINAL or AB-ORIGINAL! One advantage, however, it certainly poſſeſſes over almoſt every other hiſtorical piece whatever:—if the plot ſhould lack truth, it would not want COLOUR.—It alſo will be regarded as an important improvement in the TACTICS OF COURTSHIP; for while the modern belle relies on her ſkill in the *archery* of her EYES, ſcatters a ſhower of *ſmiles* from the *maſked battery* of her DIMPLES—the Indian coquette takes ſurer aim at her *inamorata* and ſhoots him with ——a BOW and ARROW!

Poetry.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, thy balmy aid apply,
Calm to reſt my wakeful woes;
Sorrow's cheek, O gently dry,
Sorrow's eye in ſlumber cloſe.

Fancy, then, ſhall hold her reign;
Hope ſhall ſoothe the penſive mind;
Stella then ſhall ſmile again,
Stella ſhall again be kind.

Loſt to all we moſt adore,
What has life that's worth our care?
Sleep, to my fond arms reſtore,
Stella faithful, kind, and fair.

But, though once ſo fair and kind,
Should thoſe dreams of love be paſt;
Ah, then, what ſolace may I find?
Still let me ſleep—and ſleep my laſt.

SONG.

BY WALLER.

Go lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeem'd to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpied,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

RUMOUR.

I FROM the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence.—
Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſur niſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

SONG.

Sung in the Comedy of The Heireſs.

FOR tenderneſs form'd in life's earlieſt day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrows to mine led the way:
The leſſon of pity was caught from her eye.
And ere words were my own, I ſpoke in a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint from the ſuffering grove,
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave ſentiment new;
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.

Soft embers of paſſion ſtill reſt in the glow!
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
May the ſpark drop from reaſon that wakens the flame!

Grand Performance.

From the Gazette of the United States.

* * * * * *

SIGNOR MIRANDA,

From Europe, well known for his ſlight of hand in Spain, for his dancing in France, Germany and Ruſſia, and for his wonderful feats of activity in London, Waſhington and New-York,

WILL PERFORM

(for a few weeks only)

WITH A TROOP OF AMERICANS,

Ground and lofty tumbling, ſlack and tight Rope Dancing.

The ſcene will repreſent the coaſt of Caracas, and the Leander at anchor near Coro.

Signor Miranda, accompanied by two young performers from New-York, and ſeveral other Americans, will vault on ſhore with amazing agility to the amazement of the Spaniards, both whites and blacks, who will appear in the back ground: they will then perform

A DANCE

CALLED THE ST. DOMINGO RIGADOON,

In which each will have a black partner, and ſome Spaniards will be murdered in the courſe of the dance, to the great amuſement of the audience.

The Spaniards will then appear in force and commence

THE SPANISH FANDANGO

In which Signor Miranda and his troops will kick up their heels *a la Ruſſe*, and here will begin

THE SLACK AND TIGHT ROPE DANCING.

Signor Miranda will aſcend a ladder (from which, wonderful as it may appear, he will never again deſcend) accompanied by his young pupils, and having a *ſlack* rope made *tight* about their necks, they will perform

Under the tight rope,

A THREE HANDED REEL

or,

PAS DE TROIS.

In which the rapidity and diverſity of their ſteps and grimaces and above all, the ſtep called "*pas de zephyr*" will ſurpriſe and delight the beholders.

The whole to conclude with

THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.

THERE are at preſent in Paris 445 Bookſellers, 340 Printers, 138 Bookbinders, 327 Engravers, 85 Copper-plate Printers, 49 Print-ſellers, and 71 Old book ſhops; 240 ſellers of Lemonade, 200 keepers of Cooks ſhops, 630 Wine-merchants, 146 Perfumers, 154 Lottery-office keepers, and 975 Actors, Actreſſes, Singers, Dancers, *et id genus omni.* [*Lond. pap.*

Editors' Notices.

K. A. is thanked for the *Sentimental Gleaner, No.* 1. which will doubtleſs prove a delightful repaſt for moſt readers, if not for all.—Future favours ſhall meet the prompteſt attention.

The lucubrations of the literati will be received with thanks through the medium of the Poſt-Office, or at this Office.—A continuation of the favours of former Literary Correſpondents is ſolicited.

Numbers of the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet from the commencement, and ſucceeding numbers, may be had, at two dollars per annum, in exchange for Stereotype and other Bank Bills, by an early application at the Office adjoining that of the Newburyport Herald, No. 4, Middle-ſtreet.

*** Thoſe of our patrons in town who have not as yet found it convenient to pay the firſt ſemi-annual advance, which became due, agreeably to the conditions of publication, on iſſuing the firſt number, will oblige the publiſhers by embracing the earlieſt opportunity to call or ſend and pay the ſame, and receive a receipt.—Let it be recollected, likewiſe, that the ſecond ſemi-annual advance became due on the 15th of February.

Died,

In this town, ſuddenly, on Tueſday evening laſt, Mrs. MARY PHILLIPS, aged 79; relict of the late Capt. Alexander P. of Boſton.

In Newbury, in an apoplectic fit, Mrs. REBECCA RUSSEL, aged 70; ſhe was well at 9 o'clock, at 10 a corpſe.

Mrs. MERITABLE LITTLE, aged 27, wife of Mr. Paul L. and daughter of Mr. Nicholas Lunt.

WANTED,---An active, honeſt Lad, from 14 to 15 years of age, to attend in a W. I. Goods Store; to ſuch an one, good encouragement will be given. Enquire at this Office. *March* 22.

CASH, and the higheſt price, given for RAGS, at the Poſt-Office.

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☞ *Communications, original or ſelected, received with thanks.*

☞ PUBLIC PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED. ☜